The Bystander, January 16, 1918.—No. 737. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER

WILHELM: "I'm between those devils of Allies and the deep snow! Why did I ever come to 'sunny Italy'?"

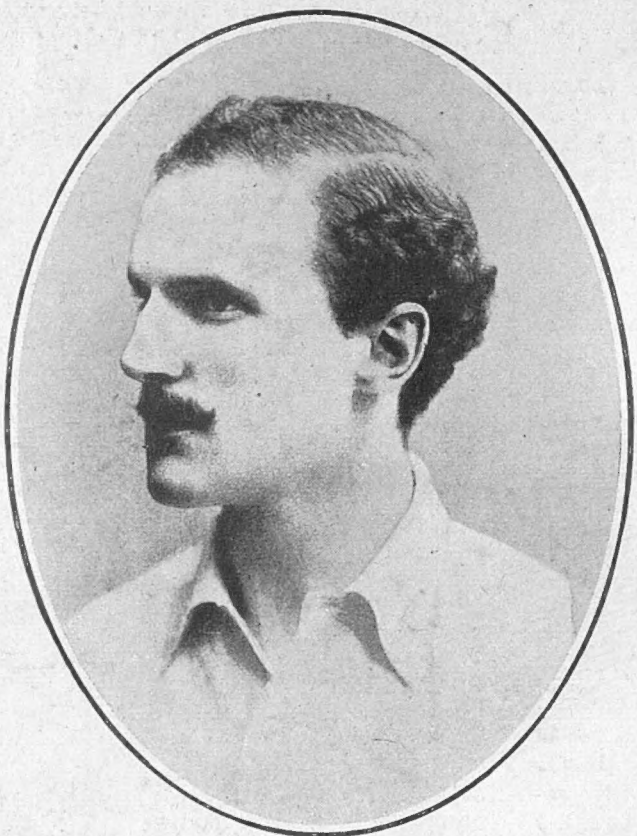
BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The New Frankenstein

HAVING successfully created his monster, a revolutionary Russia, the modern German Frankenstein is beginning to be doubtful what he is going to do with it. The Trotskis are untractable. He has brought them to the water all right, but they won't drink. A renewed Eastern campaign would not suit his plans at all, for Russia cannot be over-run—she is too large. Also, her winter is cold. Stirring up democracies to revolt is one thing: bending them to do your will afterwards is quite another. Whatever psychologies the Germans may have studied with effect, in the psychology of the Russian—to say nothing of the Englishman—their researches seem to have been nugatory.

Conscripting the Comedian

ONE of the interesting features of conscription is the eagerness the Army authorities show for the enlistment of popular comedians. It might be thought that a man who keeps up the spirits of thousands of people at home, week by week, might be considered as a useful war-worker in these depressing times; but there seems to be a fierce determination to get that kind of man into the obscurity of khaki as quickly as possible. Of course, it is an advantage to have a popular comic-singer in your company behind the lines; but it is not likely the military people have that sort of thing in view at all. Certainly not.



Photograph *Central Press*

MR. RONALD STORRS, C.M.G.

Who, after thirteen years' service in the Egyptian Civil Service (lately as Oriental Secretary at Cairo), has been appointed Governor of Jerusalem. He is a son of the Dean of Rochester, and he is one of "Kitchener's men"

Wasps—

THE age-long struggle between attack and defence, the ever-swaying duel between guns and armour, is developing new forms in respect of aircraft and the means taken to counter their attacks. The Zeppelin, cleverly boomed by Germany as a camouflage for their real weapon of the air, the aeroplane, was successful only for a little time as a raider. The proper counter was discovered, and the Zeppelin, knowing its doom to be absolutely certain if an aeroplane can get above it, rarely attempts a raid on England, but reserves itself for its proper, if futile, function—sea-scouting for a Navy that dares not follow it in its adventures.

—And Their Nests

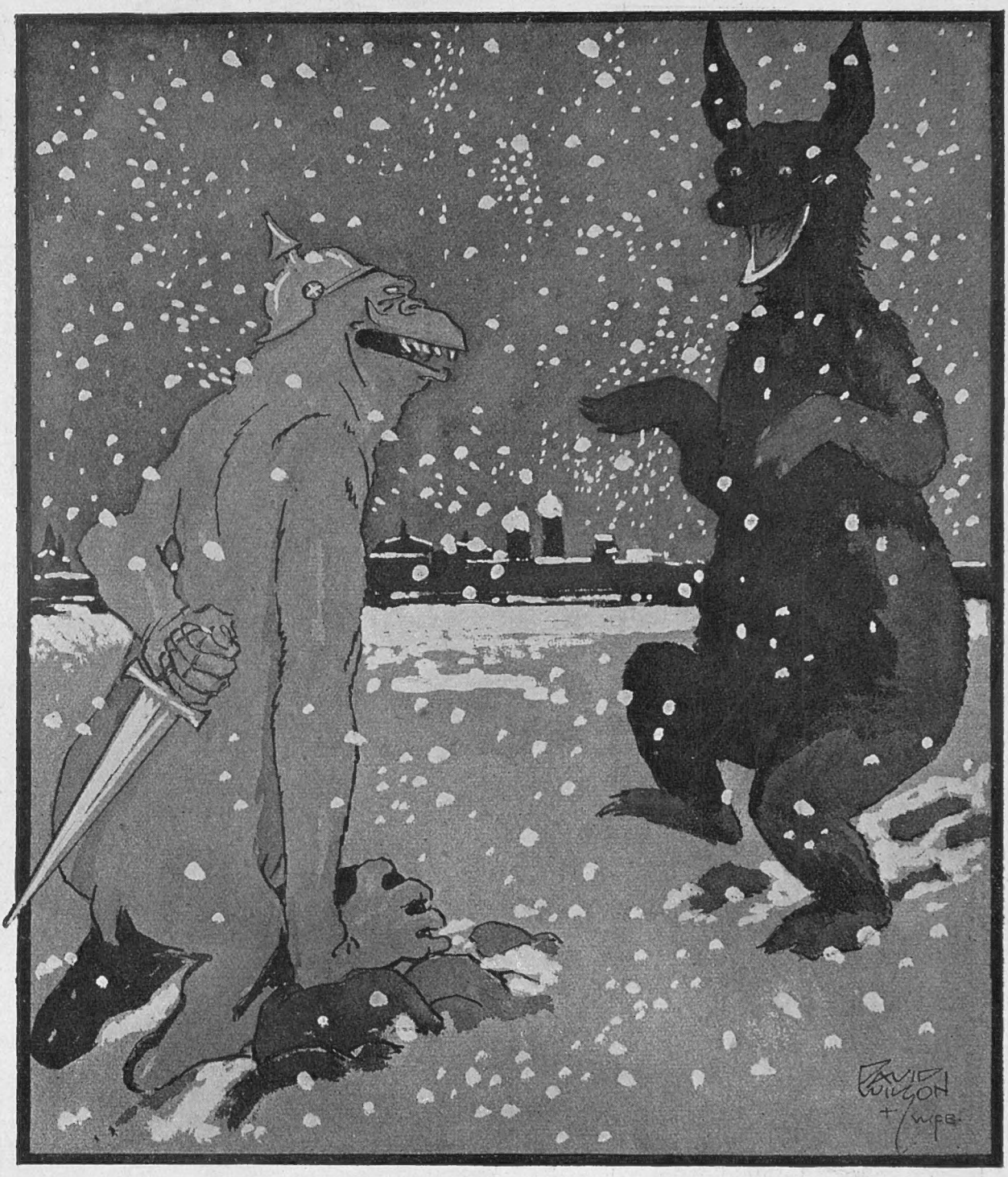
THE raiding, bomb-dropping aeroplanes have been a harder foe to tackle. True, the Gothas do not nowadays travel unscathed over London in the daytime, for London is no longer unprepared for them. Anti-aircraft guns and British aeroplanes, besides other devices of which the public knows little, have somewhat disheartened them; still, come they do, and they probably will. Once in the air, it is difficult to deal with them—therefore the excellent plan was adopted of making things very uncomfortable for them in their nests, and little parties of our own bombing machines are reported almost daily as dropping bombs on the chief Hun aerodromes in Belgium—Ghistelles, St. Denis Westrem, and others.

Their Latest Dodge

NOT only to hit the machines themselves, but to break up their hangars, and to spoil the smooth ground surface so necessary for an aeroplane when landing. No machine can run two or three hundred yards along ground that has been well bombed without coming to grief. But the last word, for the moment, is with the Hun. Adapting his trench-war system, he has been constructing deep underground nests for his machines, with long sloping runs for their start and return. In these refuges no bombs can hurt them. Now, Lord Rothermere, it is up to you to tackle this newest plan.

The Age of Woman

LIFE is full of little mysteries. One is the traditional reluctance of woman to reveal her age; another is the fierce determination of the Food Controller to get that age correctly at all costs. If a lady will not state her age she presumably gets no sugar; if, yielding to an excusable temptation, she understates it, she is liable to a heavy fine; and if she comes out with the naked truth, as it were, her grocer and his satellites are furnished with a very interesting item



THE GERMAN GORILLA: "Dot vos a nice fur coat of yours, Brudder Bruin! I would like to get inside it dis cold weather!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

of gossip. To the ordinary unofficial person it would not seem to matter whether a lady is twenty-eight or thirty-five as far as her sugar ration is concerned; but the local authorities think otherwise, and are pressing for the delicate information where it has been withheld. Perhaps, after all, there is some truth in the suggestion that the sugar card is really only a registration card in disguise, and that it is designed to furnish a basis for the conscription of women.

Demos Diagnosed

THERE is in Berlin a tiny department (I am told it does all its work in three rooms) which has its hand on the whole world's pulse. It is the International Psychological Bureau. Some years ago subtle-minded Germans were sent to every capital to study the national mind and temperament. They have, as a whole, done the work exceedingly well. They are not only able to say what the people of any given country will be likely to think or do in certain conditions, but—and this is most important—they advise as to the appeal that will be most successful.

Fighting with Phrases

THIS strange department has even coined and foisted on us phrases with which to work our undoing. For example: "No annexations and no

(Continued on page 124.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

indemnities." If we substitute "Heads I win, tails you lose," we have its real meaning. After all, it was a cunning Prussian who observed "These English love a lord, but they simply worship a phrase!"

A Party in Ambush

I AM able to give some secret history with regard to the National Party. Were the war over to-day, the new body would have quite a decent number of M.P. supporters. Many of the younger men who are serving overseas have ended their old allegiance, and only wait for the home-coming to "put through" the change. Meantime the party is making remarkable progress in the provinces, particularly in industrial centres.

WILHELM: "Donner und Blitzen! Where did *you* come from?"
TRANSATLANTIC TOPSY: "'Specs I growed!"

A Coming Surprise

EVERY effort is being made to work as unostentatiously as possible, so far as the vital party-building goes, and when an election does come, the party will have a list of candidates far in excess of anything expected, and these men will have a measure of support awaiting them that will upset the calculations of what are called "the old gangs." I learn, too, that the National Party is not likely to be handicapped by a money shortage. It is very particular from whom it accepts money, and has set an example in "clean" collecting that might well be followed elsewhere. At least two famous persons are angling for its leadership, but neither is likely to be accepted.

A Haven for Dives

THE conscription of wealth suggestion has inspired one of our quite notorious idea-mongers. "These poor millionaires will have to cut and run," he assured me. "This country will be no sort of place for anyone with anything to be taxed. So I have got a scheme. I propose to take a nice South Sea island and make them all comfortable. Park Lane paupers shall have a really good time. "And you," I asked—"are you self-sacrificingly going with them?" He nodded eagerly. "As Governor, of course," I suggested. "Not a bit of it," he answered. "I propose to be Chief Police Officer and as I have dropped on an amazingly imaginative fellow to be director of Public Prosecutions it will be necessary to have a really reliable man like myself to decide whether the charge shall be taken or not!" Poor millionaires!

Honour—but Delayed

WHEN the war is over, it is to be hoped that the nation will be allowed to know what it owes to the Intelligence Departments of both Services, and also to a certain branch of Scotland Yard. The work that has been done, and is being done, by gentlemen whose names have never even been heard of is almost uncanny in its subtleness and success. I could tell stories that would thrill and amaze, but as, of course, I must not, I can only wonder and wait.

All the Colours of the Rainbow—

AND a few more into the bargain—are likely to be the hues which will suffuse the countenances of the German commercial magnates when they learn that 257 of their most secret dye recipes are safely lodged in a London bank, owing to the energy and enterprise of a group of British textile manufacturers. The financial value of the secret is quite incalculable, especially as the benefits obtainable from the possession of it are to go to British textile manufacturers generally. Not that they really deserve it, since they were foolish enough to get all their dyes before the war from Germany, instead of clubbing together and encouraging our own chemists to discover them. But cheapness was ever the crime of this country.

Driving for the A.S.C.

Photograph] LADY ROSAMOND BUTLER [*Bassano*

Elder daughter of the Earl of Carrick, is a member of the Women's Legion, and is spending her nineteenth year driving for the A.S.C. at Brighton

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Tightening the Belt

Though still far from slender, old John Bull is reducing his waist-measurement bit by bit. "Strict Rations" is a good New Year Resolve. It's a cheerful job too, if you go by the old Boy's face in this Sketch, which was done by one of my former Pupils.

The Drawing appeared originally as a front-page Cartoon in "London Opinion." Its reproduction now, when most people are proudly "reducing weight," is particularly apropos.

When I asked for permission to reproduce this Sketch as an example of the "live," saleable work which my Postal Drawing Courses teach, it was readily accorded, both by the Proprietors of "London Opinion" and the talented Fougasse, who, by the way, is a Scot.

Can you Sketch?

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Fougasse

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 14, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

AREN'T men greedy, poor darlings? D'you remember, a little while ago, I wrote you a letter all about the Bird-Men only? Well, simply *ever* since, they've positively been *raining* in, the protests from the others. Starting in, a Guardsman is fearfully annoyed with me for quoting Mr. H. G. Wells on the subject of aeroplanes *v.* cavalry.

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THAT omniscient author declares, you know, and I quoted him, that "soon aeroplanes will usurp all the functions hitherto performed by cavalry." And oh! the—— Guards *are* cross about it! Implore me, in a tone of bored bitterness, *please* not to pose as a military expert, implying *en passant* that they have enough to put up with as it is with my *daring* to write at all. I don't suppose it'll pour much oil on the troubled waters to mention, quite humbly, that *I'm* not responsible for the edicts of that most brilliant of modern writers, Mr. Wells; but, surprising as it may seem to the—— Guards, I'm not; so that's that.

"A Guardsman is fearfully annoyed"

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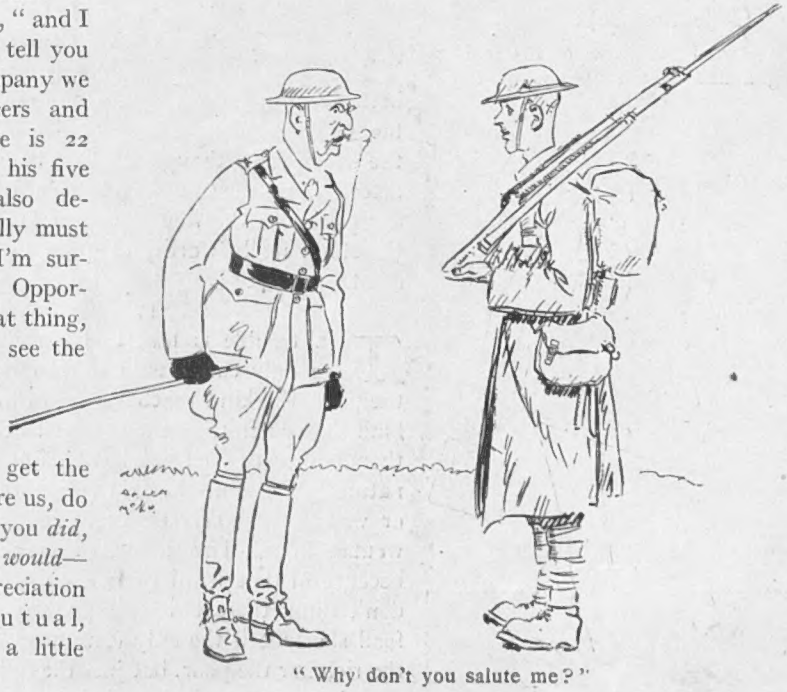
ANOTHER protests—jealously, but *much* more friendlily—because of my saying that our airmen were mostly children in years. "I have the honour to belong to what I believe you once very kindly termed the 'gallant P.B.I.,' Blanche," writes a second lieutenant of that persuasion, "and I thought I must tell you that in my company we have five officers and our average age is 22 years." One of his five fellow-infants also declaims: "I really must write and say I'm surprised at you. Opportunity is a great thing, isn't it? You see the better side of these youthful flying heroes, but you don't get the chance to admire us, do you, dear? If you *did*, I feel sure you *would*—and the appreciation would be mutual, though perhaps a little muddy!"



"Why don't you salute me?"

AND the Fatal Five's final outburst runs something like this:—"Besides calling the infantry 'P.B.I.' you might in future allude to subalterns of this branch of the Service as 'P.B.S.'s. For the rest, we've come to the following conclusions:—

(1) That the reason all the other subs. of this company have not written is that they are under petticoat government.

(2) That we do not wish to belittle the services of the R.F.C., but we do not consider that they "have a courage all their own." *N.B.*—Three parts of the officers of the R.F.C. are recruited from the P.B.I.

(3) That only about thirty per cent. of the officers of the R.F.C. actually fly, although they all have "Posh" uniforms.

Which is enough to give you an idea, what? Though really, you know, I'll be afraid to make any more "mentions" soon—if I get many more like this, *par exemple*: "Dear Blanche, seeing as 'ow (and bein' as tho'!') you have luvved every unit ever dreamed of—we have a distinct grievance. Now jest look 'ere. *Our* unit has spent *beaucoup* months, nearly *beaucoup* years, and has shed *beaucoup* salt tears in what is known as 'ye salient,' *compris*?

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"OF course, you are now all of a bivver to know what unit this may be. 'Ave ye never he'erd tell of the famous merchants wot does every job under the sun (and in the salient and out of it) and never, never get a word of help from no one? Well, I'll jest tell yer—Cyclists!"

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BUT I think the Canaries touched the uttermost limit. You'll never believe me, but it's a frozen fact that an R.E. Tunneller man told me the other day at dinner that if I didn't "mention" the Canaries soon he wouldn't answer for what would happen—as it is, the poor little warblers are lots of them a bit mouldy, not the bright birds they were; and many's the gallant Tunneller who's found himself forced to put in a request for Paris leave "in order to buy a canary." Here's a tweet to them!

(Continued on page 128)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

HELEN, too, has been strafed for something awful she's been and done (or not done) about a Brigadier's shoulder-straps. Swears she's innocent, of course—but you know what these artists are, don't you? Reminds me—of this in the latest "Canadian Garland," an amusing and amazingly wonderful trench production, for which many thanks and which I am most awfully pleased and proud to number amongst my souvenirs:

A Brig.-Gen., wearing a steel helmet and a tunic *minus* red tabs, was rather taken aback on noticing that a sentry failed to pay him the customary compliment.

Said he: "Why don't you salute me, man? Don't you know my rank?"

"I sure don't," replied the sentry.

"Look here," said the General, touching the crossed swords on his shoulder-strap. The sentry took a good look, then sizing up the Brass Hat, said, "Well, you might be a second lieutenant in the Pioneers!"

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RATHER sweet, too, is this little plucking from my third "Canadian Garland":

There was a young person of Ypres,
And nothing her Pa said could keep her
From having the gall
To go to a ball,
Dressed as a Virginia creeper!

And Scots Wha Hae ought to like this:—

There was a young flapper of Chocques
Who went in for very short frocks,
When one remonstrated
She indignantly stated
She was not half as bad as the "Jocks."

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"CANADA'S Trench Garland" is one of those frightfully insinuating publications you want to go on picking the plums out of for ever, though that isn't exactly telling you what we're up to here in England now, is it? However—fourthly and lastly, as the parson said—here's an extract from the "Garland's" M.A.P. (by Little Freddie):

The Kernel is commonly kawled the father of his regiment, and the first thing a new kernel does is to tell his mob that the interests of every man in the regiment is deerer to him than ennythink, and if ennywun is in trubble to kum to him. Sum fellers get into trubble and get took to him orlrite, but they kan't help it. No Kernel means wot he sez ter be took litrally.

"Chaplains"

The Dokter is a hily impoartant officer—referred to as Pills in regiments which ain't propperly disiplinned. A rich man tryin' to creep throo the eye of a Kammel is a ded eesy proppersition alongside a mallingerer tryin' to put one over most dokters.

Chaplins is often kawled Pardreys and Skypylots and Charlies and other disrespeckful names, but no wun reely meens them becos every wun reelizes wot a tuff job they are up against looking after the spiritcherol welfare of a mob of men hoo not only ain't got no spirits but hoo ain't got enuff welfare to rite hom about eether.

The Quartermaster has been kawled the stummick of the Army, becos it's his job to pervide the men with rashuns. Most *Q.M.'s* . . . . wen they cuss only say 'Dere me," or "My Ant," or "Goodness, grashus." In this respeck they difer grately from the Q.M.-Sargints, hoo use orful langwidge as a rool, and think nothin' of sayin' "Gawdelpus," or "This is a sweet outfit, I don't think."

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APROPOS, here in England now there's one subject of conversation and one only, and that's food—or the lack of it! And quite the loveliest sight of the whole succession of sights the war has seen happened when a meat shortage forced not the people but the *tradesmen* to stand in queues! Life, even in war-time, one feels has its compensations when, for once, the *biter* gets bit!

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RATIONS are a cert, as I told you, of course, long since. And if they only put a bit of a check on all the *silly talk* there is about the starving poor and the stuffing rich—well, that'll be something. Of course, that there has been some hoarding is, I'm afraid, only too true, and in some cases it's certainly been more than a bit of a scandal.

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BUT, as someone's said, there's nothing that undermines minds, morals, manners, all the better part of human nature, quite so surely as having too much money. The very rich will continue to do the wrong thing though England bleeds from her very arteries, and the best way to regard them is as being exceptions to the rule of decent humanity, and not, therefore, really worthy of quite so much advertisement.

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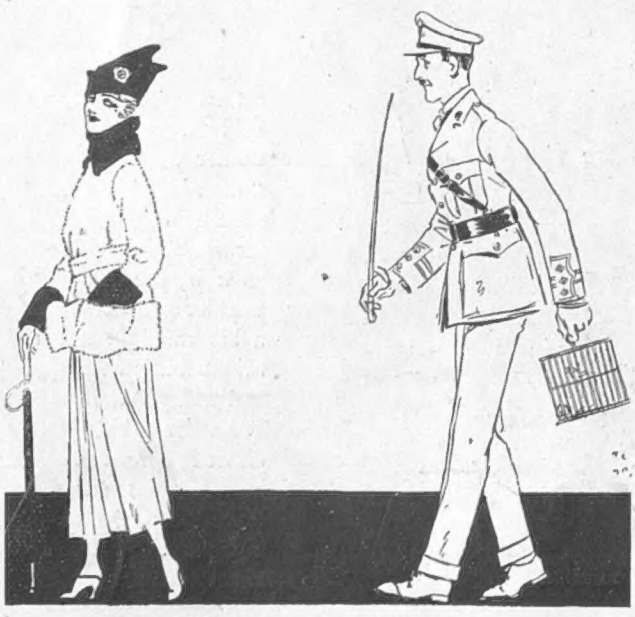
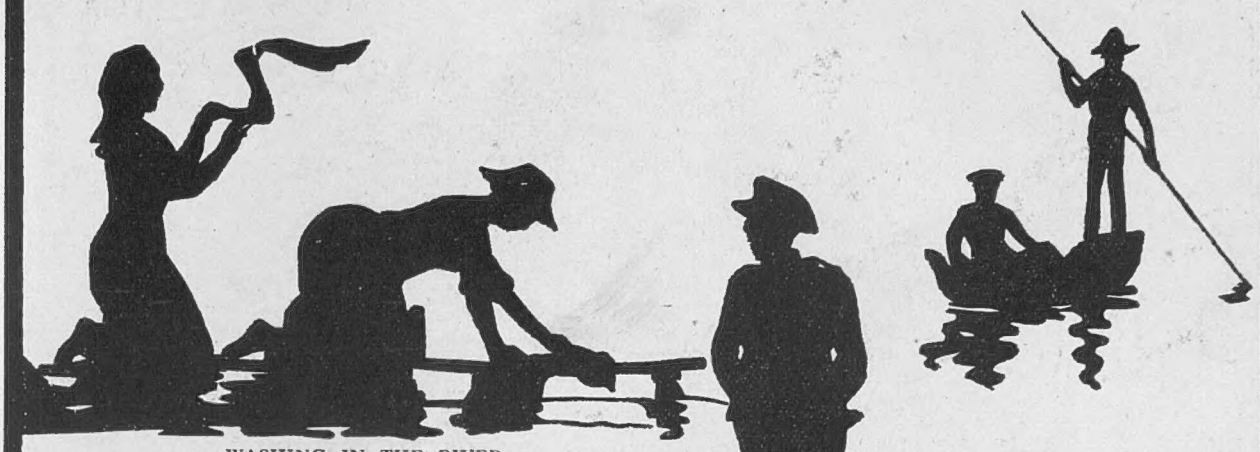
THE trouble is that to the common mind there are only two classes of people—the rich and the poor, the kind that does stand in queues and the kind that doesn't. Being, so far as their means allow them, quite as self-indulgent as the rich, the poor naturally find quite beyond their intelligence the man or woman who *does without*. Only the middle-class woman knows how many cooks have given notice because of that lentil curry that was ordered, and I don't think there'd have been, anyway, *quite* such a food shortage if the only consumers had been neither the rich nor the poor, but just the in-betweeners—who are that vast majority of decent people you don't hear about.



"In order to buy a canary"

(Continued on page 130)

Silhouettes in the Sunny South



WASHING IN THE RIVER

LEARNING THE LINGO

WITH THE AID OF A DICTIONARY I TRY IT ON THE CHILDREN

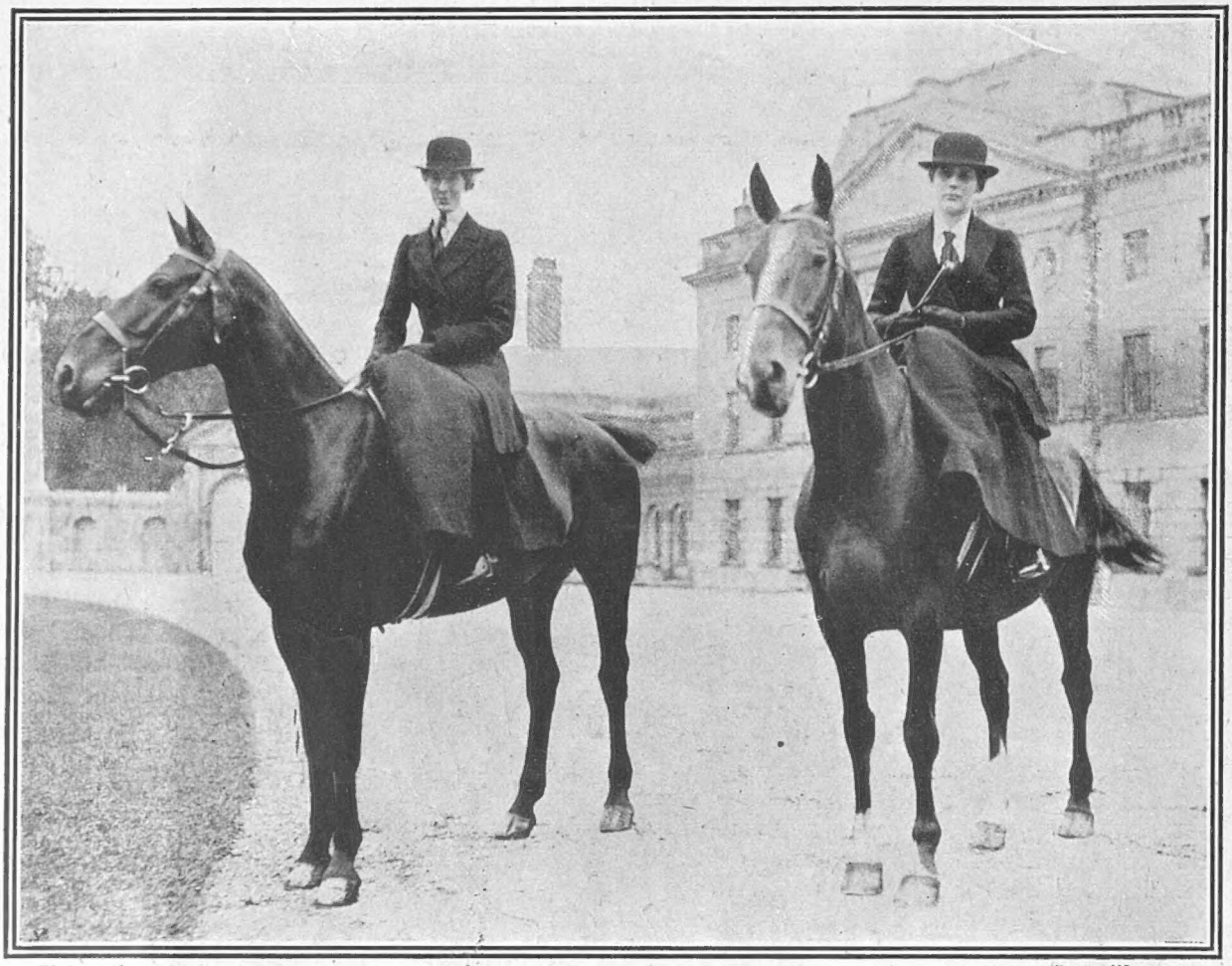
VILLAGE ELDERS

UNFORTUNATE RESULT OF OUR M.O. SHOWING KINDNESS TO A SICK CHILD

PASSED BY CENSOR

"After the long railway journey we are billeted in a sunny village for a few days to get acclimatised and ready for the long march to the field of operations. Tommy is always critical of fresh customs, but is quick to pick up enough language to enable him to get on—especially with the fair sex. He soon makes himself at home and is very popular with the inhabitants"

BY LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY



Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

HUNTING IN IRELAND

Lady Powerscourt (on the left) and Miss Sylvia Brooke, both keen followers of the hounds in the Emerald Isle. Lady Powerscourt is also President of the Co. Wicklow branch of the Red Cross Society, and a real hard worker for our troops

"*IN ENGLAND—NOW!*" *(concluded)*

HEAVEN forbid that I should appear to speak harshly of the poor; but it is a universal experience that it is not, on the whole, the poor that have gone without and "managed" in this war—indeed, never has there been such prosperity, such an utter lack of real poverty; and if there really is going to be a revolution (as some of their chatty leaders threaten) just because the aforesaid very rich have made pigs of themselves about the nation's tea and sugar—well, I do think they might think of a better reason.

卐 卐

TALKING of revolutions, looks as if the Foreign Office one will be one of the biggest, for diplomats in rows are retiring from their respective embassies, and the *one* sort of successor even the F.O. doesn't dare to appoint is the good old kind of the old, old school, who got his job because of his family connections, or his pull at Court, or because he'd brought to perfection that fine art of the diplomat which is to appear to know all, though he knows nothing. It'll be one of the most interesting yet of all the strange signs of the times—to see what men *are* selected.

卐 卐

THE other flap of the week's been, of course, the terrific barrage put up against letting what an irate official calls "the cigarette-smoking Air Staff" into the sacred, if slightly smelly and somnolent precincts of England's greatest treasure, the British Museum. It's a choice between the B. M. and the Savoy, and—well, they *must* leave the battle-fighters (and others) *some* decent place to feed in, what? Of course, what I say is, let 'em have any old thing if it'll only help to win the war, and there is this to be said for preserving the Savoy unsullied: our Staff and our subs. *would* miss that, but the B. M. they've probably never heard of—or hadn't before it got such a buzz on about it.

卐 卐

THE other New Year excitements have been more new plays of all sorts and sizes than ever peace time sees: another new Army Corps, only it's a Naval one this time, and of women—the Women's Royal Naval Service, commonly called the Wrens, for which it's hoped to enlist ten thousand women. And the Lord knows where they're coming from. Last, not least of course, the sales—and you'd never have thought there was a war on if you'd been inside any draper's shop since 1918 came along, I give you my word!

卐 卐

BUT it was necessary, of course, for the traders to clear their stocks, for, as I think I told you, woman's once more to suffer a war-change—the spring of 1918 will see her *à la* serpent. Rations and a shortage of stuffs are to reduce us to our very slimmest and slinkiest. Fat is *fearfully* out of fashion.

With love, yours ever

BLANCHE

Very Frosty at Cambrai

Official Photographs

These are not the "Black Troops," at our use of which the Germans used to be so indignant; but British Officers "observing" from amongst frost-decked shrubs on the Cambrai front

"Somewhere in Flanders"

NEW YEAR'S EVE

My Dear Bystander—

It was Simpson's idea still further to cement the Alliance by offering a New Year's dinner to our civilian friends, himself in a reckless moment undertaking to produce one whole bottle of brandy, a feat to-day (in France) only comparable to the well-known difficulty experienced by the Biblical camel in threading needles.

* *

As December dragged its sluggish course across the calendar, and it still remained for the brandy to materialise, Simpson degenerated from a purely anxious frame of mind into positive frenzy. By December 29 he had made thirteen abortive attempts, ranging from making love to a wine merchant's daughter to offering a public reward, and our hopes were down to zero.

* *

But there is a silver lining to every cloud and on the morning of the 31st Simpson announced in triumph that he had got a bottle from a major fellow who had just got orders to move at once. He said that the taking over from the unhappy major was one of the most affecting sights he had ever witnessed in France.

* *

So spake Simpson at 11.30 a.m., and at 12.25 he rang up on the telephone to say that his batman had slipped up on the snow and dropped the bottle . . .

* *

How another bottle (larger than the first) was eventually obtained within half an hour of the dinner would, were the full story made known, reveal another of those well-nigh incredible Homeric feats in which this age has been so rich. But enough of brandy.

* *

I am happy to say that the dinner was a magnificent success.

Mistletoe hung in gay profusion from the ceiling, champagne supplanted the thin French beer upon the groaning board, and, despite a hearty application to the plum-pudding, the conversation simply sparkled, most especially when it became necessary for Simpson to explain to Monsieur with some expedition, and at great length, that the chaste salute he had permitted himself to imprint upon Mademoiselle's damask cheek beneath the shade of the mistletoe bough was most certainly not an indication that he was beastly drunk and oblivious to his surroundings, but was simply in accordance with the sacred tradition of his country. Monsieur being deaf as a post, Simpson made more rapid progress that day in the French language than he has ever done during the three years he has been in France.

* *

But it was hardly fair to insist upon a translation of the cracker mottoes, though Simpson, primed by a concoction of his own brewing, which he insisted upon referring to affectionately as "real old milk punch," disposed of

> I dream of moonlit gardens
> And the hours we spent together there,
> And hear once more your words so true
> As they fell upon the balmy air.

with a fluency which is reserved exclusively for Bacchanalian abandon.

* *

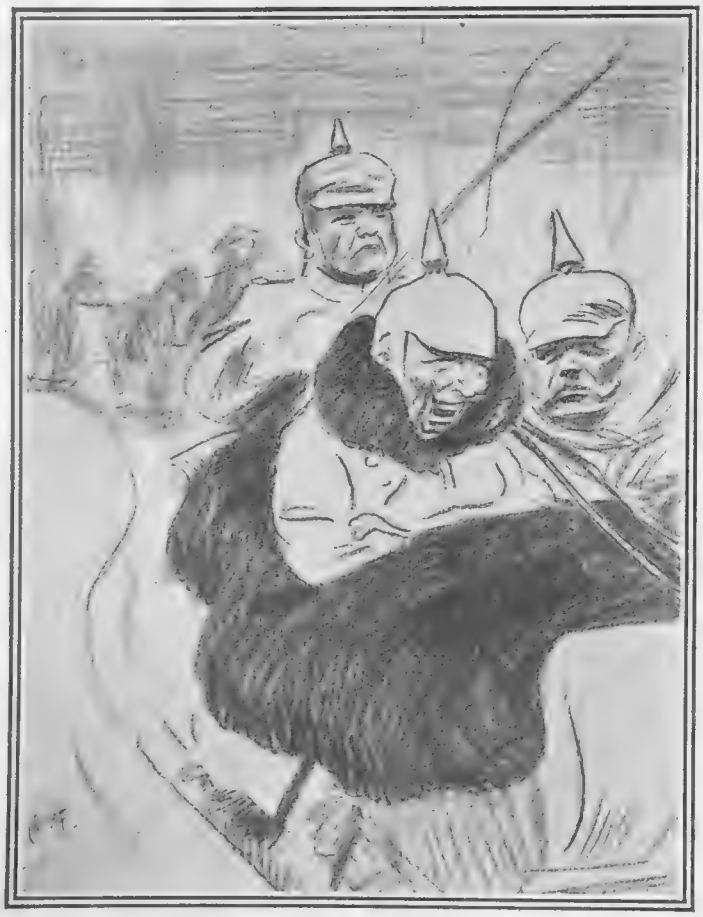
In the same brilliant fashion I was able, very wittily, to remark that a round plum-pudding has two sides, namely, the inside and the outside, to the great edification and delight of all who heard me.

And as we thus revelled 1918 descended gently upon us.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

Not Quite the Same Thing!



"Cheer up, Hindenburg! Are we not making peace with the Russian Government?"

"Yes, All Highest, perhaps we are—but we have still to make peace with Russia!"

Through Mud to Victory

PASSED BY CENSOR

Private 90045 Gerrard, after three-quarters of a mile of this, sincerely hopes it won't be a dud!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EDDIES of WAR

"NOT THREE, OLD CHAP!"

BY DELL LEIGH

When British troops began to swarm overseas in great brown patches; when men left their multitudinous occupations by sea and by land, by office desk and shop counter, and collected together on most of the available open spaces in every big city; when Britain and her Dominions stood still to watch them doing it: then the great industrial heart of Britain throbbed with pleasurable anticipation at the knowledge that these men would require things—and the great industrial heart had things to sell. Unfortunately most of the things these good men and true required, to enable them to go out and push a presumptuous enemy quietly but firmly over the edge of the map, were supplied to them by an all-wise Government; were bought and paid for (in time) at prices fixed by the Government itself, to the general discomfiture of the army contractor. So that the great industrial heart had slight palpitations when it read the "specification of tender" for this or that commodity, and pondered over the binding clauses.

Later, of course, the industrial heart developed, in some cases, *angina pectoris* when it heard about the legislation anent 80 per cent. excess profits, and the super-tax.

Nevertheless there were, as there always are, loop-holes. One such was matches. Every man had got to have a match. One recollects the famous picture of the British Army, caparisoned for war, begging the Kaiser to wait "'arf a mo'" while a pipe was lit in a high Flanders wind.

So those who produced matches cast about in their minds for a method of making the loop-hole larger. It was not long before a way was found. There's an old English superstition, dating back to the time when portly old gentlemen, glass at hand, sat round big log fires and kept long clays alight with rush spills pushed into the blaze. Some active members of the match-making industry discovered that these old gentlemen never lit three pipes with the same spill because he who was third would assuredly take a bad toss next morning, and so lose hounds.

We are not a superstitious race as superstition goes, but it is the small things that count.

* *

The matchmakers knew this, but the opportunity was too good to be overlooked. Wherefore heads were put close together, the forces of personal contact and the spreading of a catchword were brought to bear; the great undammed river of verbal advertisement began to flow—people talked, a shake of the head here, a cautioning hand raised there, a "not *three*, old chap," with a grave uplifting of eyebrows, an implication of ill-fortune by the very absence of speech—and the great match trick was launched. England fighting the great fight for the great cause of smaller nations, bent to the business of blood, absorbed in armament, pledged to the proper peace—but a victim to the wax vesta!

* *

And see how it works, this great silent advertising stunt. Men do not speak. They do not stop to ask the meaning of this tomfoolery. It has grown upon them, like shaving in the morning. I have yet to meet the man who has been known to say: "Look here, it's a sin to waste that match, pass it to me; what rot this is—*I'm* not superstitious," etc. If such a man were to be found the other two smokers would glance pityingly at him, and promptly blow it out. But there is no such a person, we have got to face the fact. As the French say, "*il n'existe plus.*"

* *

With men whose lives hang by an hourly thread on the battle fronts of the world you can understand it (the matchmakers counted on this), for they do not flirt with Fate, they know too much; but that other breed has got bitten too—the breed, I mean, who order their lives on the basis of "down with everybody except me," the breed who have never known danger to their person or property, and do not intend to. The bridge player, who does nothing else (oh, yes! there are lots still), who does a little shopping in a neat coat and skirt in the morning, cuddles the un-rationed Pom until four, and then plays bridge until seven—*she* won't be the third on the same match for the thin cigarette out of the gold case—"not *three*, my dear."

* *

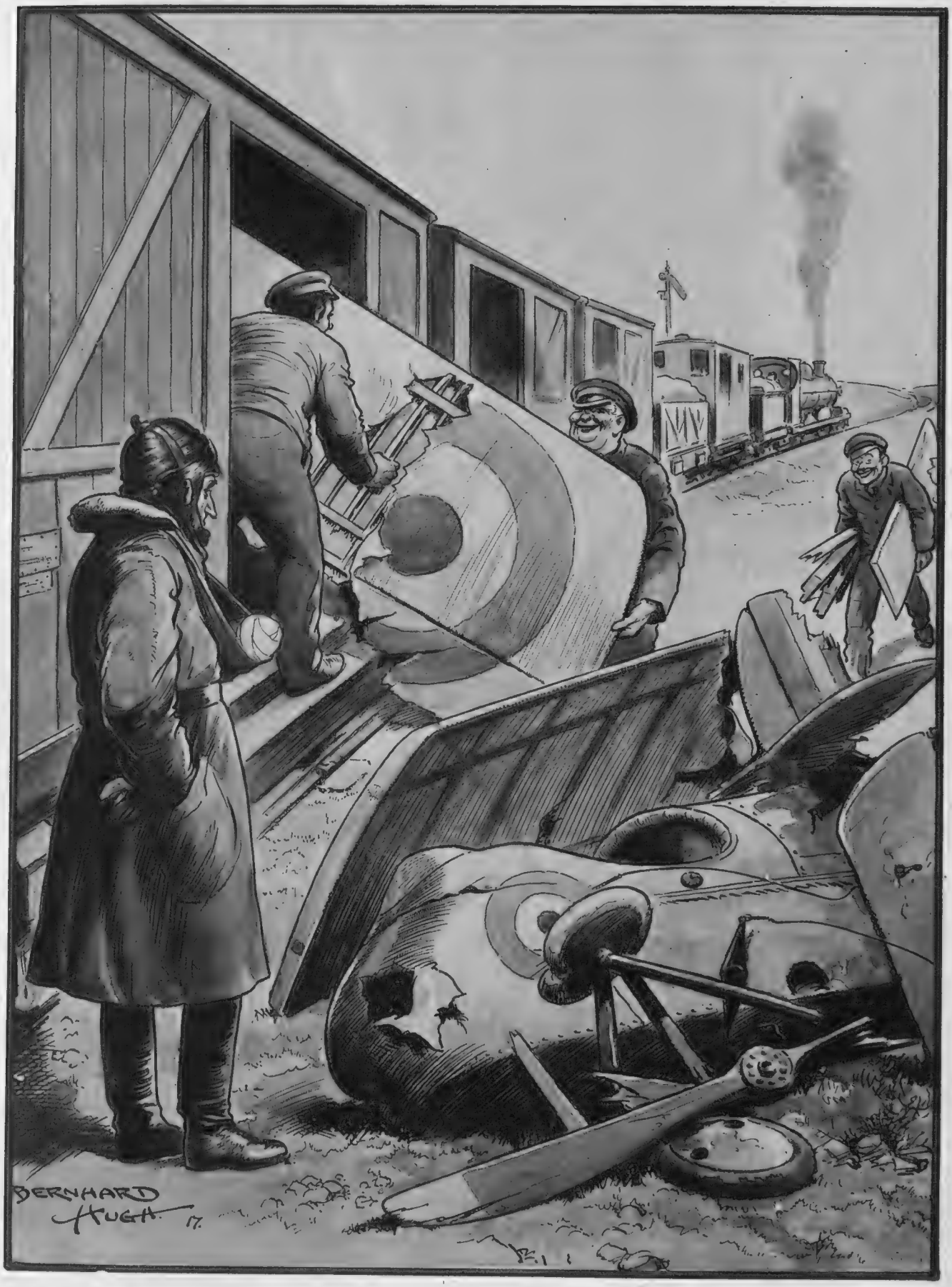
And the immaculate gentleman who rises at ten, puts on a tie to suit the weather, lives alone at Regent's Park, has four servants to wait on him, and wangles unlimited petrol for his car—the man who gives superb little bachelor dinner parties whereat each guest helps himself to Turkish cigarettes (at fifteen shillings a hundred) out of a gold box "picked up in the East, don't you know"—this worthy never uses one match for three, because it is the fashion not to do so.

* *

Nobody knows, not even the matchmakers, exactly how many more billion matches are sold because of all this. But there is no doubt the superstition has become so deep-rooted in the English temperament that it will remain after the war, and for all time. The unspoken fear, after the war, on the part of the third man, will be lest he may somehow or other get mixed up in another war, the thought of which (unless he be a contractor) will cause him loss of appetite for days.

So, if I am spared, the obvious thing to do after the war is to collect a few of my pals, and their money, and start a matchmaking business, retire gracefully on the fat dividends, merely carrying on the good work by saying at all times and in all places "not *three*, old chap."

Extracts from a Pilot's Training Manual



PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 13.—"A pilot should always use railways whenever possible"

The Bystander in Paris

ONE WARMS ONESELF

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"He sits in his cellar all day blackening stones"

MES AMIS—

I so wish to write to you gaily, but how it is difficult. I have a great hate in my heart, a wicked hate. It is not proper for an unmarried girl to hate so wickedly, and I try to scold myself, but it does no good. It is a man I hate, and to-day I hate him more than the Crown Prince of the Boches, who robbed all the pictures and Sèvres vases from Madame de Trévignac's château. It is the man I hate who blackens stones and sells them as coal.

⁂

LUCILE, who is practical, says it is all nonsense to talk so—the black stones come with the coal out of our French mines; but I am sure that Monsieur the *marchand de charbon* is quite responsible. He sits in his cellar all day blackening stones and mixes them with the coal to make the little three sacks we have each month feel heavy.

⁂

HOW he must have an evil heart to do that. It is so cruel when every day it snows or frosts or blows so cold a wind and rain. In the evening we sit by our fire and Léonie brings a great lump of coal. We are happy because we think we shall be warm. But what happens? He will not burn. He sits there, black and ugly, and then we hit him hard with the iron and he will not break. I think, sometimes, the merchant of coal must laugh, but in *l'enfer*, where the coals are not of stone, he will not laugh, that monsieur.

⁂

EVEN now, I have ceased three times from my writing to try to make myself warm. If I were not so boiled with anger I would

"In a corner of the lake all by themselves"

freeze. There were three great stones, all so well blackened, in the last basketful. And our Government does not punish the man who blackened them. For me, I would take him to the guillotine, but first I would let everyone throw one of his own stones at him.

⁂

IT is only once in all this week that I have been warm. It was the day we went to Versailles to skate on the Grand Canal. The Government is very strict with us in Paris. It will not let us skate on the lakes in the *bois*, since the war, because it would make a bad example, but one may go to Versailles.

⁂

IT is very *chic* there. There were officers of all the Allies skating together sometimes, French, English, Italian, American and Russian, though the Russians have become rather shy lately and do not go much in uniform. Do you know it felt quite strange at first to be so altogether, *messieurs* and *dames*, in a big party.

⁂

IN England you still dance *en famille* and have parties and bazaars and sports, but in Paris it is more than three years since we have had our fêtes, the racing, the grand opera nights, the balls, and the *soirées*, where one might flirt. Imagine yourselves, how many of us have lived like nuns in a convent since all that time—and then to be skating with so many gentlemen!

⁂

LUCILE and I are not as other *jeunes filles*, because we kept our father's *château* before the war and were educated a little to be English, but when we went first on the ice we were each of us so conscious of all the men who looked.

(Continued on page 138)

Unrecorded Incidents in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

LAYING MINES

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

EDOUARD was with us, but the poor Edouard his heart is not at present his own. He has a flirt, the wife of an *embusqué* whom M. Clemenceau has sent to the front like all the ambushed ones, and she was there at the skating. It was a little shocking. They practised waltzing in a corner of the lake quite by themselves and Lucile and I had to skate with our other friends.

*

THERE were so many different peoples there at Versailles; it was like Switzerland in the seasons before the war—except that there were no Boches. How they used to be serious, the Boches, when they skated, and to look so conceited, because they thought they were just right when they were all wrong.

*

ONE shows very much, I think, one's character when one skates. When Lucile makes a figure she looks just like our aunt, Mlle. de Lentilhac, who did not marry because she thought men were so untidy. Lucile is of the same neatness and it will not be easily that she will find one who skates so correctly.

"The policemen argued"

"If their skirts might not be made a little longer"

I LIKE so to see an Englishman skate. It is as you do everything else. Other people are more expert, more specialist, they enjoy doing clever things, but it is equal to you whether you skate very well or very badly, you enjoy using your bodies just the same.

*

THERE was one thing which happened which we discussed a great deal. On the ice there were two of the Scottish soldiers from Canada who carry the little *jupe*. They skated very beautifully, but the policemen who were there argued for a long time that they should not be permitted on the canal.

*

IT is not easy, I think, for you to understand, but in France we are still a little shocked at the dress of these *messieurs*. It is so unusual. Edouard has told me that the authorities in Paris have asked the English Government if their skirts might not be made a little longer. At one skating rink, I know, the British soldiers are not allowed any more without trousers.

*

AND so it was the policeman at Versailles asked the two soldiers if they would please wear their overcoats when they skated because they thought the ladies might be shocked. Afterwards we were all sorry because they had looked so gay skating among the trees and the white snow with their tartans. But I think they must have been very cold.

*

IT is only in bed with a *bouillotte* that one is ever warm and I have been so sad for all of you who are at the front. At least I was sad till Frédéric came on *permission* from Alsace. But after two days, he caught so bad a cold and used two dozen handkerchiefs. It was the first time he has been ill since the war except his wounds, and when he went away he said his next *permission*, if it was cold in Paris, he would stay in his dug-out, which was so much more comfortable. I hope you too are so content.

Your friend, AGNES

The Battle "Field"

New Zealand Official Photographs

"Field" is a word which reads oddly in connection with photographs like these. Instead of the ripple of the young grass in the wind there is nothing to be seen but a waste and desolation of mud, broken only by a field-gun firing from one shell-hole, and a horse struggling to extricate itself from another

The Cheerfu

What is the use of the Government trying to stop margarine

ness Queue

d meat queues when this sort of thing is allowed to go on?

Waiting for Her Whirlwind Waltz

Camera Study *Bertram Park*

MISS BETTY BLAKE

Who is making such a success by her wonderful dancing in the "Cosmos" Scene in "The Boy" at the Adelphi, with M. Jean Castaner as her partner

AN ARTIST STARTING WORK FOR THE DAY

FRED LESLIE AS STARK

"YES, UNCLE!" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is the real thing. It is a comedy, framed in light, airy music, and full of good jokes and gloriously funny songs, and nobody seems to care whether the neighbours are listening or not. We were asked to arrive at the theatre punctually so that we should not miss any of the plot. The joke here is that there are at least three plots in the piece, and none of them really matters. To begin with, when you find a fierce Spanish girl named Lolita striding about a musical comedy looking for the hero, who has gone and married another, you probably know that plot—or as much of it as it is good for you to know. Then there is the plot that shows how the hero and his wife decide to be present at the *Quat'z'arts* ball in Paris, each without the other's knowledge of the decision. To cover her absence, the wife persuades a lady friend to come and occupy the best bedroom at the connubial flat—with the door locked, of course, to keep out the draughts. Then hubby, believing that his wife is in bed and asleep, leaves his old friend Bobby on the premises to impersonate him, and rushes off to the ball.

*

ANOTHER plot is concerned with the arrival of Uncle from India—the usual sort of uncle who has never seen his dear nephew. Consequently, finding Bobby in occupation, as it were, he naturally concludes that Bobby is It. Also, although the "wife" has already gone to bed, she will surely not mind getting up to meet the dear old Uncle from India, especially as Uncle is one of the kind that has "pots" of money, and must, therefore, not be annoyed in any way. But all these playful little plots are merely pegs on which are hung the rich and fruity jokes of the piece; and this brings us to the consideration of Mr. Leslie Henson.

*

MR. HENSON is certainly the host of the evening. There is a really excellent company at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and all the performers are either clever or beautiful, or both. But Mr. Henson has a clear monopoly of the limelight all the while he is on the stage. From the moment of his entry on the scene it is clear that he has got a solid grip of his responsibility, and he gets off his first joke almost before he is over the top, as it were. He cracks

(*Continued on page 144*)

JULIA JAMES AS MABEL MANNERING

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

wheezes, sings really comic songs, and wriggles about the stage with all the fearful energy of a munitioner on piece-work. Comic artists on the stage have a way of getting on the nerves of jaded theatregoers; but that evening we all laughed hilariously with Mr. Henson and at him; and there were times when even the ladies were surprised into a shriek of mirth although they were not really supposed to know that there was anything to laugh at.

A LITTLE ZOUAVE

*

THE abiding charm of the piece begins with the opening scene which represents an artist's studio. The picture on which the artist is for the moment engaged represents a group of water-nymphs swarming round a decorative barge. He is a conscientious artist, and he paints from life. So we see the lovely creatures in sea-green wrappings clinging to the barge and making a perfect picture by themselves. Apparently this is the kind of artist who, if he has a dozen nymphs to paint, engages a dozen models, and paints them in the lump, as it were. But you must have some excuse for bringing your beauty chorus on the stage; and this is as pretty an excuse as I remember to have seen. The rush for automatic opera-glasses at that moment was something pathetic.

ROBERT NAINBY AS CASABLANCA

*

FOR the rest, the chief difficulty of the management appears to be to convince the audience that there is not time for an encore of every song on the programme. A very charming song, for instance, is called "Think of me," and is sung by Mr. Henri Leoni and Miss Lily St. John. It is all about love and that sort of thing, but it is a love-song, as it were, with a twinkle in its eye; and it is not to be taken too seriously. By way of helping out the delicate fun, there is a saucy chorus of pretty girls dressed as Zouaves, who strut round the singers with a kind of goose-step, and laugh as if they were enjoying the joke as heartily as any of us. The encore for this was, on the first night, quite furious and insistent, and although the management made a brave show of holding out, the audience won.

*

ON another occasion Mr. Henson was singing a duet with Mr. Davy Burnaby. In this case there were, happily, a good number of "encore" verses, but they did not go far enough for the audience; and a roar of laughter greeted Mr. Henson's remark to his partner that it was a pity they hadn't learnt up a bit more. *Yes, Uncle*, promises to be the success of the season.

LESLIE HENSON AS BOBBY

JINGLE

War Clichés Adapted

"WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?"

This drawing is by the youngest artist whose work has ever appeared in "The Bystander," Miss Phyllis Spence, aged fourteen. She is the daughter of Mr. Percy E. F. Spence, the well-known Australian artist, and it will be denied by none that her work shows quite exceptional talent

Shrapnel Pars

THERE is no truth in the rumour that Lord Rhondda has solved the margarine and tea queue problem by abolishing margarine and tea.

CONGRATULATIONS to Sir Owen Seaman on becoming entitled to a salute of nine guns. At least, we suppose he is the potentate referred to in the Honours List as the "Raja of Poonch"!

"HINDENBURG and Ludendorff," says a Hun journal, "are the real authors of the Russian revolution." It should remember that revolutions have a nasty way of devouring their own parents, as well as their own children.

THE hopeful Helfferich still protests his belief that "Germany will hold her own." But the trouble is that she made the war for the express purpose of holding other people's.

A GERMAN artist is to be sent to Brest-Litovsk to sketch the assembled peace negotiators. It is understood that, in deference to the Bolshevik prejudice against secret diplomacy, none of them has refused to be drawn.

A RAMSGATE butcher's shop is said to have opened the other day with only two chops. But the poor fellow could hardly hope to continue his gamble with adverse fortune after having parted with his last steak.

M. VENIZELOS has been seriously threatening profiteers with death. They deserve it quite as much here, where, unfortunately, any such wholesome suggestion would only be regarded as a killing joke.

"*Good* knight!" as Mr. Galsworthy remarked when he opened his morning paper and saw what had happened.

LORD RHONDDA is afraid that compulsory rationing has got to come. Our fear is that the compulsion will come without the rations.

SOMEONE says that the pork sausage will shortly die a natural death. Better so. The poor chap has been nothing but skin and bone for some months past.

DEMOCRACY, says Mr. Barnes, is at one and the same time on its trial and in the crucible. In other words, it's in the fire but not quite out of the frying-pan.

THE man who votes against the emancipation of women, says Lady Byron, has no right to call himself a Christian. But, does he?

MR. KENNEDY JONES knows of no better breakfast than maize cakes and syrup, with plovers' eggs, and perhaps a slice of smoked salmon. How true! It's what we have ourselves, barring the eggs and salmon; and, perhaps, the syrup.

SAYS a writer in a contemporary:—"The alternative to a League of Nations is a riot of damnations. The world must finally choose between Utopia and U-boatia." It really looks as if either way we are Hun-done.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE IN THE ARMY"?

IRATE SERGEANT-MAJOR: "'Ow many times 'ave I got to tell yer to wear that 'elmet strap on the point of yer chin?"

Nightmares

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE U-BOAT COMMANDER'S

The Laundry Girl

A RUHLEBEN IDYLL

By PERCY ARNOLD BROWN

For many weeks past Jerry has been out of sorts. In the words of his box partner, "his jam has not been in." Among other things which have cropped up to disturb him, his parcels have gone astray, and he has been obliged to change his barrack—a tedious and tiresome undertaking to a man like Jerry, so greatly given to acquiring lumber.

Years ago—to be exact, three years and two months (the day on which he was arrested)—he began learning German. He bought a grammar and engaged a real professor of that language. After a few weeks of hard work (that is, according to Jerry's idea of hard work) he was able to read some of the newspaper headings. As the camp gradually grew into a definite organisation, various activities were born and developed. To Jerry's restless spirit these offered allurements: and soon the German grammar, and even the professor himself, were sacrificed to the lighter but livelier interest of football, cricket, and numerous other pastimes. He would have wearied of these in turn had not the intrepidity of the camp rats drawn his attentions upon themselves. They were becoming more daring and barefaced every day.

So Jerry decided to relinquish the pleasures of field games to the joys of hunting. He at once appointed himself chief ratter, and procured permission to buy dogs and ferrets, meeting all opposition with sound arguments, mainly the necessity of dealing with the dangers of an epidemic of rats. But keen and successful as he was at this new sport, he felt its limitations. After a poor bag, and especially when the rats escaped through the boundary wire-fencing when on the point of being seized by the terrier, Jerry would feel the old restlessness stealing upon him.

One day, and in such a mood, as he was crossing "Trafalgar Square," he caught sight of a dainty pair of feet under a strip of white petticoat, escorted by two large, regulation, military boots. The wind, blowing across the compound, gently lifted the sagging line of blankets hung across for an airing, and Jerry was able to confirm his first impression.

It was a girl.

He pulled up short, and sharply exclaimed, "What's that? Look!" "Come off of it! That's the new missy with the laundry cart from Berlin," explained a hearty fisherman, with a broad, appreciative grin. Thereupon Jerry hurried away towards the laundry-van in order to obtain an uninterrupted view of such a rare creature as a young lady in the camp. But he was too late; he merely caught a fleeting glimpse of her as she exchanged a few parting remarks with one of the interned laundry representatives before being ushered out of the pass-office by her military escort. The outside gate closed, and she was gone.

Jerry then became lost in thought, and was probably about to enter into one of his habitual broodings when the rest of the ratting party came up and remonstrated with him for his abrupt departure.

"But hang it all, man—a girl! Three years since I saw one close to—" he rejoined with irritable emphasis.

Brusquely leaving his fellow-ratters, for he was no longer in a mood for company, he hurried to his barrack, gulped down a hasty tea, and then set out in search of his former German professor. He was now absolutely determined to master the German language.

"Chance of a good berth? Governor given you the tip to get on with it, eh?" asked the professor, as he smiled knowingly.

"No: that is, not exactly—but I'll tell you later. Any way, I don't want your confounded business German," answered Jerry, and swerved off the subject at once. Not only did he change his occupation, but his appearance also underwent a gradual transformation. The old muffler was replaced by a clean white collar. A smart pair of grey trousers and a Norfolk jacket suited him much better than the corduroys and shabby old jacket which Jim, the coloured servant, was afterwards seen wearing on the promenade with his countrymen. In fact, Jerry's appearance was, as it had been in the early days of the camp, that of a smart, well-set-up young man. His hair was immaculate. The untidy locks were gathered in and controlled with "Ersatz" vaseline, and parted exactly in the middle. In short, Jerry again became a "knut"—and a student.

Every available odd moment was utilised for the end in view. One could but admire him as he sat in his corner, with cup suspended between the saucer and his mouth, pegging away assiduously at the exercises prescribed for him by his teacher. He became almost oblivious of his surroundings; so much so that his neighbours took advantage of the opportunity and removed much of the lumber strewn about in the common space.

But one fine morning his friends were to learn the cause of the great change. Suspicions were confirmed from the moment when someone shouted out: "Anyone got any laundry to go this week? Cart's here." Jerry rose quickly from his table and rushed out into the passage for his bundle of soiled linen. There was no need for him to do so, as Jim attends to this part of the work; whilst "Rollikins," the genial barrack representative in business affairs, watches the financial side of the arrangement for the prisoners.

But this time there is something special: for he asserts that he must interview the lady herself. "Rollikins" is very short with him, and tells him not to be a fool. "Well, I'll be jiggered—but I've found a mistake in the bill!" Then, with a change of tone as he sees the stern expression on "Rollikins'" face, "I say, Rolly, old man, let me straighten out this business myself—must speak German sometimes, you know, after all the lessons I've had." His manner is so earnest and eager that "Rollikins" relents, and answers, "All right, you old humbug; but mind you behave yourself."

Jerry smiles across to the girl as she enters the barrack, and starts forward with the laundry bill in his hand. Remembering something, she walks back to the cart and endeavours to climb on to the back in order to reach something from inside out of the baskets. Like a flash he has crossed the distance between the van and the barrack, and is assisting the lady in her efforts.

Having finished with the basket, she turns and finds Jerry looking at her with a dog-like seriousness in his face. "Bitte, verzeihen-Sie mir, Fraulein," and mumbles something about a "Fehler." She asks him what he wants. "Ich habe einen Fehler gefunden, ich glaube," he says, and blunders along until she interrupts and takes the bill from his hand. The frown fades from her face, and a sympathetic smile replaces it.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 150)

The Dogs of War

Not only by our allies but also by the enemy dogs are in increasing use as despatch-carriers. Our photographs show (1) one of these dogs jumping into a German support trench; and (2) a despatch dog, quite unperturbed, carrying a message back for reinforcements from the Germans who are defending a shell-hole under heavy fire from our artillery

"THE LAUNDRY GIRL" (*concluded*)

"Ja, Sie haben recht, ich glaube es auch," she says, after regarding the paper.

There really appears to be a mistake, for she suspends the checking of the packages and gives Jerry her attention. She calls for "Meester Rollikins," but for once that gentleman is not at hand. She seems a little tired, and sits on one of the laundry baskets, gazing with a puzzled look at the incorrect account, whilst Jerry endeavours to work in some of his Ruhleben German.

It is a strange scene. Indeed, unconsciously these two make a charming picture. Jerry with his intense seriousness endeavouring to hold the girl's attention for a few fleeting seconds, and the girl, hardly understanding a word of what he says, regarding him with a questioning look; the two are the centre-piece standing out in strong relief from a background made up of the horses and cart, the barracks, and interested groups of prisoners, whose eyes are all turned in the direction of the girl. To the right of the picture the barbed-wire fence, with soldiers ever on the alert, and the huge smoking stacks of the factories with the clanging sounds of metal fill out the rest of the picture and give a tinge of irony which one invariably finds in the massed-group pictures of the modern American painters. There is no warmth of colour, but a variation of whites and greys in stark outlines. The final touch is added by a roar overhead, and something skims away and is lost in the clouds. The little scene below continues. The back of the cart has one door open, through which can be seen the bundles of soiled linen stacked up to the top of the van. The horses stand lazily endeavouring to flick off the flies with their stumps of tails, at the same time nibbling quietly at the fodder in their nosebags.

The girl is a creature from another sphere; and it is only a prisoner who can understand that yearning for that other world, "Outside." At the thought alone, if one has not become too dead to respond to fleeting imaginary pictures, inspired mainly by memories, one thrills with anticipation.

Her clean white frock is a virginal robe. Her hair is chastely arranged in a manner which is simplicity itself. Everyone of that coarse motley of men is awed into reverence. For the moment they are dumb and are under a spell. But the one who is obviously enchanted beyond all reason is Jerry himself, for he is the nearest to the goddess. Her voice, with its soft intonation, has intoxicated him; and he has forgotten about such things as laundry bundles and bills. He stands so close to the divine creature that he catches the scent of her hair in his nostrils. His linguistic limitations and the strangeness of the situation have robbed him of speech. This alone is enough to show his friends that there is something serious the matter, for at ordinary times he is the most talkative person in the camp. He gazes stupidly at the girl, and she—worthy creature—understands. Her rippling laugh as she breaks the spell is exquisite human music. She hurriedly packs away the laundry bills as a pretty blush suffuses slowly her pale cheeks.

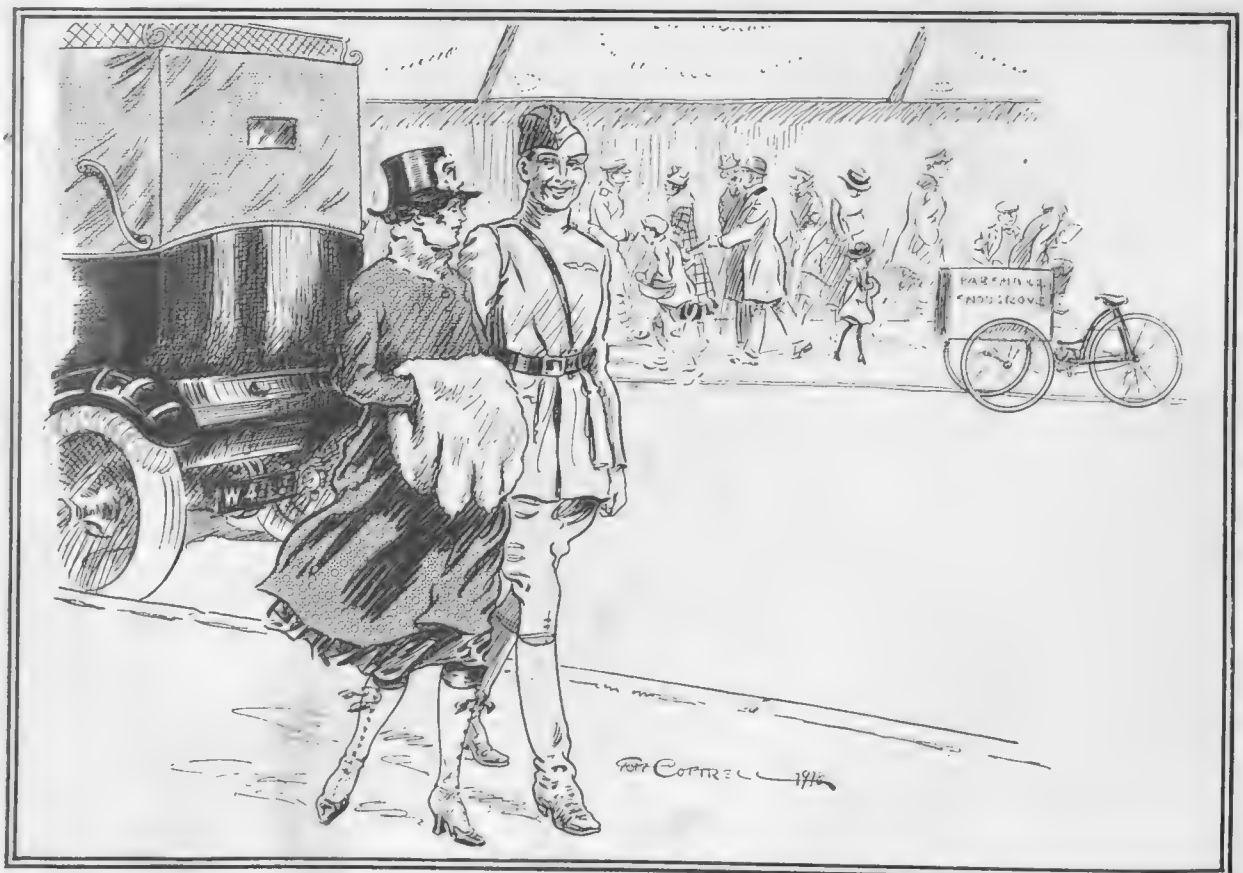
But soon the scene is shattered, like a mirror by a hammer, by the gruff voice of the driver as he scrambles up to the front of the cart. The horses are jerked out of their restful position, and the van—to Jerry a fairy chariot—bears the queen away.

He walks slowly towards the barrack, and turns in time to see a patch of white vanishing down the long vista of barracks. He leans against the doorpost with a defeated but earnest look in his eyes.

"But she's fine," he mutters.

"Poor old Jerry!" whispers one of his box-mates to another in a confidential aside. "In love—*and in Ruhleben!*"

PERCY ARNOLD BROWN



"How long did it take you to learn to fly?"
"Oh, three or four"
"Three or four what—weeks?"
"No—aeroplanes"

The Men "Up Yonder."

Two Letters from the R.F.C.

BY the same post two letters have been received from officers in the R.F.C.—letters which will possess special interest for readers of "The Bystander" who are desirous of knowing "what there is in Pelmanism."

These two letters answer that question as far as the R.F.C. is concerned, and other letters are appended which give the various points of view of other branches (and ranks) of the Service.

The writer of the first letter says: "It has been of use to me in increasing my efficiency in the particular work we carry on as officers in the R.F.C. It has also enabled me to partially or wholly forget minor ailments and worries, *especially to conquer that form of nerves known as 'wind-up.'*"

The second officer, in the course of a most interesting letter to the Pelman Institute, says: "I found the lessons and advice very helpful and beneficial. . . . It may interest you to know that in case I should have the misfortune to be captured I carried in my pocket the whole course, and had them with me in nearly every flight of the 150 hours and 23 air fights of my merry 4 months' flying experience." (This gallant officer has been awarded the M.C.)

A General also writes by the same post as the two preceding correspondents. He remarks: "I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course, and have been so from the very commencement. . . There is no doubt I have benefited considerably by it. . . The extreme value of Lesson Eight I appreciate so much that I am asking if I may be permitted to teach my two young boys (now in course of training) such things as Catenation, the figure alphabet, etc. I am certain that had I known the use of any of these aids when I was a schoolboy, I could have passed any examination I went in for, with far less strain and better results.

"I may add that I have felt the Course to be so good that I have induced several Officers of the Brigade to take it up."

If there is a reader of "The Bystander" who has not yet received a copy of *Mind and Memory*, in which the principles of Pelmanism are explained at length, and in which a full synopsis of the Course is given, he should write for this *brochure* to-day. It will be sent *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* outspoken report on the work of the Pelman Institute, upon application to the address given at the foot of this page.

Another General's Verdict.

One of the most emphatic endorsements that the Pelman Course has ever received came from a distinguished General with the B.E.F. He says:—

"The value of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalized."

Following upon the remarkable letters recently published in which Colonels, Majors, and Captains (both Army and Navy) have attributed their promotion, *and in some cases their distinctions*, to Pelmanism, the General's pronouncement is of special significance.

For the benefit of those readers of "The Bystander" who have not already seen the letters referred to, they are reprinted here.

"The Unsoldierlike Sub."

The first is from a Captain with the B.E.F. We give his letter in its entirety:—

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise. I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

Each letter supplies its own adequate comment. Take the epistle of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who, writing from Salonika, says:—

"As a direct consequence of Lesson Two I have got a step in rank."

Similarly a Major attributes his promotion *and his* D.S.O. to Pelmanism; the Captain of a fine cruiser thanks Pelmanism for his command, having been promoted by selection over the heads of senior officers!

There is, in fact, a bewildering mass of direct personal testimony to the value of the Course from every rank and from every unit of the British Army and Navy.

It is not always promotion that is the object of those who take up the Pelman Course. Here is a letter which presents another phase:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Easily Followed by Post.

To the uninitiated it may well appear impossible that such remarkable results can be attained in a short time as a consequence of half an hour a day for a few weeks spent in studying lessons. Yet it is the bare truth, and it should help readers to realise what a tremendous force for personal betterment "Pelmanism" is.

As a reader of the Course recently wrote:—"If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. **It is directed through the post and is simple to follow.** It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet, in quite a short time, it has the effect of developing the mind just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "Truth's" special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of "The Bystander" who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute," 27, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

On the Make

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

It seems that the average man is growing angry just now on account of the dreadful goings-on of the Profiteers, his righteous indignation being fanned to boiling-point by the dismal recollection that he has no chance to do any profiteering on his own account. It used to be held that the man who paid the piper had the right to call the tune, but that was before we took up the sword for right and justice. Nowadays the average man has got to pay top price for any old tune; and all he can do by way of reprisal is to raise the charge for his own services so as to divide the burden of the Profiteer's exactions with his reluctant neighbours. Thus, we are now in a fair way to realising the historical infinity relating to the small things that have lesser things upon their backs to bite 'em.

❋

As the Latin version teaches us, the root of all evil is cupidity. Everybody is on the make. The word seems to have gone round that any old excuse is good enough for raising prices, as there may not be another war like this one for quite a long time. The Profiteers are losing their heads in the rush; while the average man who has nothing to sell is moved to tears at the thought that he is shut out of this modern shower of manna from Heaven.

❋

Still, he does the best he can. The man who comes to do odd jobs for you tells you he must have another shilling a day because of the cost of living; while the old lady in the village who used to sell bull's-eyes at eight a penny now charges a farthing each for them, and explains to her juvenile clients that it is all on account of the trouble with Russia.

❋

The Government is, of course, doing its utmost to cope with the trouble. Everybody knows that. Some time ago the Government ordered that fowls must not be fed on grain that was in any way fit for human consumption; so the Profiteer, in order to be on the safe side, supplied grain that was not fit for fowl consumption either. Nothing like the good old policy of taking no risks! The net result is that new laid eggs are fivepence each; and if you buy one and take it home you have to set the dog to watch it for fear it should try to break away.

❋

Those of us who have acquired the pernicious and degrading habit of smoking now pay for our tobacco from seventy to a hundred per cent. more than we paid before the war. Why? The answer is very simple. It costs more just now to cut and distribute the material and you could not reasonably ask a gentleman like a tobacco manufacturer to forgo any of the profits to which he has grown accustomed through the years. So he loads us with the extra cost; and as we are so depraved that we have got to minister to our infirmity at any price, you can hardly blame him for putting on a bit extra just to serve us right. Still, as an elderly smoker of my acquaintance put it the other day: "It's war-time, ye know, and we—haw!—have got to stand up to be shot at; but—haw!—demmit they needn't stab us in the back!"

PROTECTIVE COLOURING

Just to give "camouflage" a rest, we apply the older appellation to describe the get-up of this Italian soldier, dressed in white to make him almost invisible in the snow

❋

The farce of profiteering reaches its height in the case of whisky. Of course, in these days, when we are all nominally teetotallers, nobody has the least sympathy with the man who wants whisky; so that the Profiteer in this department is pursuing his devious way practically to the accompaniment of loud cheers from the community at large.

❋

The Government in its wisdom decreed that whisky should be sold at something like thirty per cent. less than its normal strength. To the plain, ordinary man it would seem that the effect of this decree could be quite satisfactorily nullified by the whisky-drinker by the simple process of adding thirty per cent. less water to his tot; but it is not for me to question the sapience of Governments. All I know is that the Profiteer saw his chance here and let himself go with a whoop. By common consent the whisky-drinker deserved what he got, and the Profiteer saw that he got it.

❋

A distinguished man of letters recently wrote to the papers to say that he had just had to pay fifteen shillings for a bottle of whisky that was not even up to the standard of the old quality that used to be retailed at five shillings. This must be profiteering *in excelsis*. I do not know what distinguished men of letters want with whisky, although I remember that Sir Wilfrid Lawson claimed for it that it promoted the growth of the hair if applied to the scalp externally Even so, fifteen shillings is a long price to pay for diluted hair-restorer.

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A Fairy Story

"Once upon a time, when England was at peace ——"

Books *of the* Week

THE TURN OF THE POETS

The Latest Renaissance

A WEEK or two ago there was a discussion amongst some poets and other literary folk as to the really rather extraordinary output of good poetry. Various questions were raised, but few of them were satisfactorily answered. Is the war solely responsible fo the phenomenon? Does this new output of soldier poets mean, as one poet rather unkindly suggested, a new form of temporary insanity? (But perhaps he was jealous.) An even more extraordinary phenomenon, however, to my thinking, is the fact that people—good honest, staid people—seem to be *buying* poetry! It must, I fancy, fit in with the war-mood. In the old days your poet sold a hundred copies or so and was delighted with himself. Now he runs—positively—to editions, almost in the good old Tennysonian way. And, mark you! this new stuff is good, a little wild sometimes, even anarchic, but on the whole good. Historians of the future will probably give more than a paragraph to our "Georgian poets." And really I think that the Poetry Bookshop and its proprietor, Harold Monro, have had not a little to do with this latest Renaissance. As a poet himself with no small critical powers, he has used just the right methods. Perhaps it would not be altogether unfair to say that the war and Mr. Monro between them have done the trick.

Soldier Poets

THE third collection of Georgian poetry comes at the end of a year which has welcomed at least three new poets well worthy of the name. And *Georgian Poetry*: 1916-1917 (Poetry Bookshop: 4*s.* net) contains some of their work. Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Graves are two men who will have to be reckoned with. Their volumes *The Old Huntsman* (Heinemann: 5*s.* net) and *Fairies and Fusiliers* (Heinemann: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) may be purchased if the selections of their work given by the editor of *Georgian Poetry* whet your appetite for more. Then there is Robert Nichols, whose *Ardours and Endurances* (Chatto and Windus: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) I mentioned a few weeks back. All these are soldiers, as also is Harold Monro himself, whose *Strange Meetings* and *Children of Joy* have both appeared since the second volume of Georgian Poetry was published. Another poet, too, whom you are glad to see represented is J. C. Squire, who seems to have made up his mind no longer to play prettily with parody but to proceed to more serious matters; and in a little while we shall cease to quarrel with him for doing so.

* * *

Ralph Hodgson

FINALLY there is Ralph Hodgson, a poet who to some critics is the best of all. In days to

(Continued on page 158)

"A Knight in Mufti"

"Rilette's" painting for H. Dennis Bradley is apropos of nothing. If it seeks a purpose it is merely to show that there may still be something in the world worth living for.

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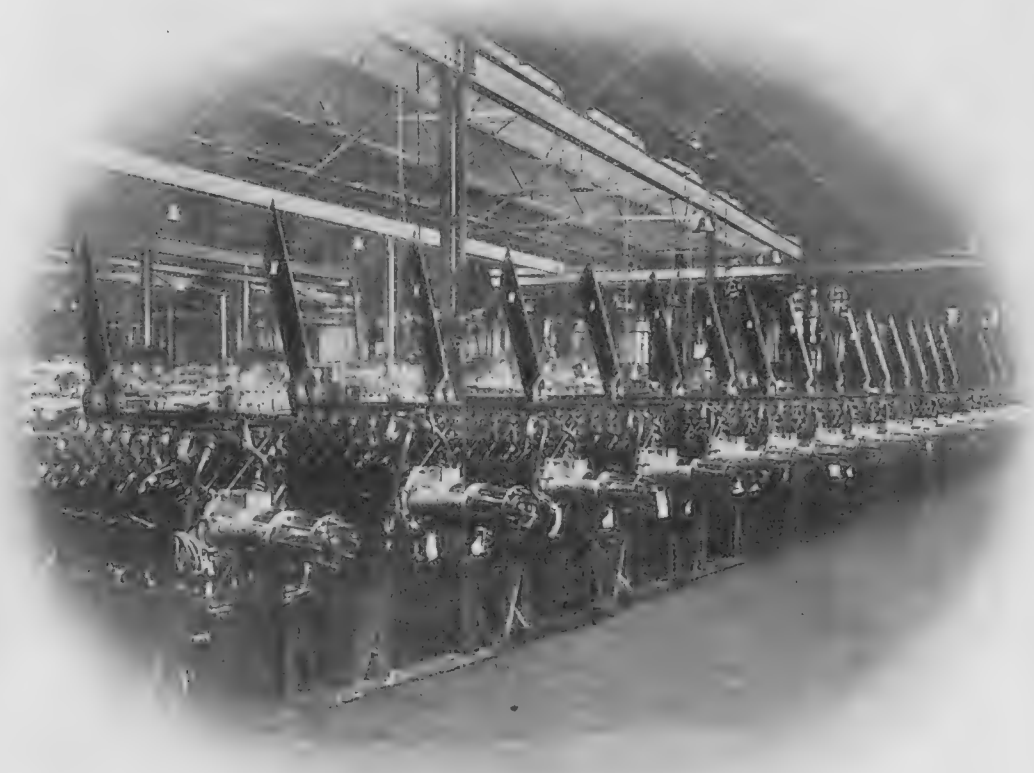

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

come those queer little booklets of his with coloured cuts, reminiscent of the publications of a hundred yea s ago, will fetch big prices in the auction-room. Secure one for yourself if it is not too late. Ralph Hodgson's name will not fade away too quickly. The older poets, of course, have their innings, but space does not allow me to mention them. As a whole the volume is on a par with its predecessors, and that means much.

⁂ ⁂

Two Other Volumes

Two little volumes of verse may here be mentioned. *In a Cottage and Other Verses* (Heath, Cranton: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), by John H. D. Howitt, contains work which, while never of the ultra-modern school, gives expression to a sincere veneration for beauty. The poem of the title is the best of the little collection. Here, too, the war intrudes, and you have "Before the Attack," which should, assuredly, be realistic enough for most people.

⁂ ⁂

The Railway Porter Poet

There is also *The Day: and Other Poems* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) by Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. You probably remember reading the title-poem pasted on to some shop-window, as Sir Herbert Warren, who writes a few introductory words, read it in the early days of the war. "The Day," indeed, travelled far and wide viâ the newspapers, for it fitted in exactly with people's feelings. The little volume, however, shows well enough that Mr. Chappell is not a man of a single poem. There are other pieces which will find many admirers. R. S,

Photograph *Drake*

THE LATE FLIGHT-LIEUT. NORMAN BLACK

Who recently died of his wounds, aged 19, was head boy and captain of cricket at Christ's Hospital in 1916

⁂ ⁂

Two Reference Books

Of the 2,800 pages of the invaluable Debrett (*Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage*, 1918: Drew and Son, Ltd.), there are hardly any in which the war has not caused some alteration to be made, and not one without an interest of its own. The book is a pleasant companion as well as an invaluable work of reference. The same may be said of *Who's Who*, 1918 (A. and C. Black, Ltd.) —in the 2,700 pages of which you can discover much curious information about a great many people who are somebody.

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The Proof of Efficiency

WHEN dealing with the matter of the London - Constantinople flight, I had no space for reference to one or two rather important matters which arose therefrom. There was, for example, the aero-'bus ideal which Messrs. Royce and Handley-Page were making for in this country, suffering, I daresay, the usual buffets from the intensely superior expert people who always seem to lack even journeyman imagination, and cannot think in terms beyond the region of the fact already accomplished. I do not know whether the Germans had the same ideal which inspired our own Royces and Handley - Pages. We do know they were miles in front of us in aerial affairs before war was declared, and held practically all the records, although this development was very well masked in the public mind by Zeppelin stunts comparatively of no great importance. We also know, I suppose, that the Gotha machine, which started its visits not long after one of the Handley-Page machines had fallen into enemy hands, is a very colourable imitation of the captive; so that it did not take the Germans very long, assuming this association of events, to get the notion. However that may be, the Royce 12-cylinder engine of 350 h.p. is with us (not to mention the 600 h.p. Caproni triplane) and the Handley-Page giant machine is with us, and the Constantinople effort is one bit of evidence of the success of the combination.

***

The Rout of the Expert

AND by way of showing how effectual this combination can be and how dismally wrong the small engine, light plane fact-accomplished school can be, the Rolls - Royce-Handley - Page combination has achieved records for speed in climbing, and pace at high altitudes, in addition to the reliability accomplishment of the Constantinople trip. I should think these speed results were hardly anticipated outside the designers' own territories, and probably not altogether inside; which only goes once again to demonstrate that feeble folly, which is the hall mark of the very terrific expert, of insisting upon the invariable conclusion before all the premises are established. For all the wonder of our progress, we are still very largely feeling our way in dynamic flight, building up our knowledge through the slow and painful processes of trial and error. Where we shall get to in the end only the fool knows. The rest of us are content to know that the odds are on the fool being wrong.

***

A Tank Bank Item

THE record held (at the moment of writing) by Birmingham for contributions to the Tank Bank, was quite materially helped along by the subscriptions of B.S.A. employés, who weighed in with £77,500. This, following on an investment of £60,000 last February, demonstrates that the example set by the B.S.A. directorate, and the incentive they provided by giving facilities to enable the employés to pay for their War Loan out of wages (at the rate of 6*d.* per pound certificate per week) has had its excellent effect.

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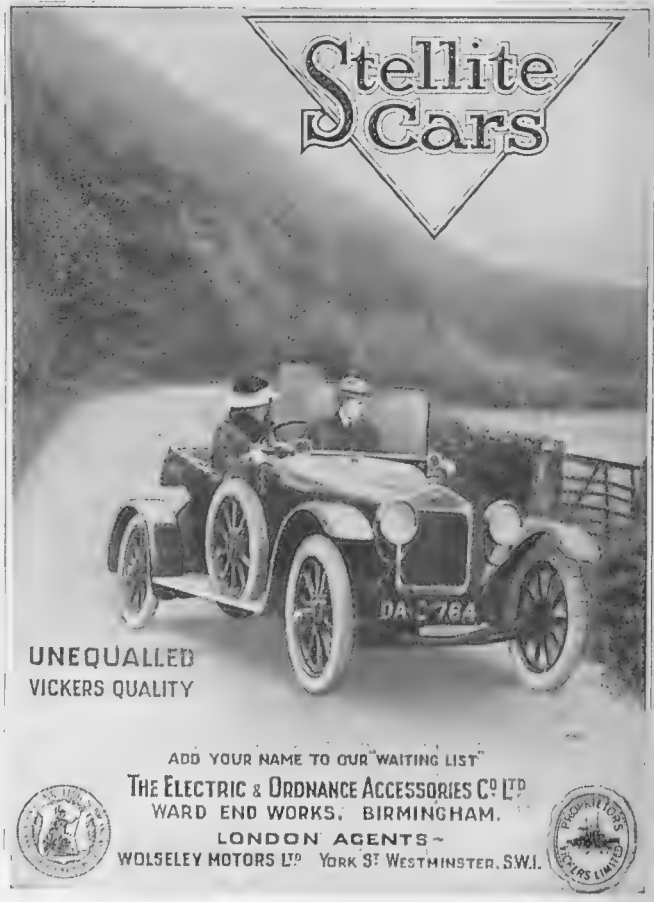

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FEMINA

Woman's Little Car Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

MEANS OF TRANSIT

We want that magic carpet badly! There is not enough time to get through all that one ought to do in the day if walking to and fro is to take up hours of it.

Yet omnibuses grow fewer, trams and tubes fuller, and taxis more coy than ever.

There are bicycles for the many and carriages for the few, with an occasional growler or hansom; but both in London and elsewhere in crowded cities the congested corners near central stopping-places are schools in patience, perseverance, forbearance, and other homely qualities that seem to be conspicuous by their absence in these *mêlées*.

We have been told that a man's true character is known only to his valet, and a woman's to her husband.

But it does not need a psychologist to discern the trend of another's nature, even that of a total stranger, when they are fellow-travellers in an omnibus.

The selfishness displayed is at times colossal, and one stands, or sits, amazed at the complacency of the people's consciences which permit them to disregard the patent claims of others so callously.

It is not unusual to see three ample, voluminously-clad, robust persons, who have wedged themselves forward through the crowd by sheer bulk and strength, spread themselves over four seats, and remain in tranquil possession, while fagged-out workers, or wounded soldiers, or women carrying children stand, until attention is drawn to the usurpers, and they are compelled to move up, when they yield as few inches as they can to the passenger who has paid for the seat.

There are women with large hats and massive wraps who ought to be rigorously excluded from public vehicles, except when there is sufficient room for them to take two seats and pay for both.

A sense of the general fitness of things would help a good deal in these space difficulties.

When a much be-furred lady handed her fare to a conductor recently, with the air of a queen bestowing a royal favour, and loftily gave the name of her club as her destination, the man said nothing. But after she had made her way out, in a ruffled and rattled condition, through the packed car, and alighted, he took the passengers into his confidence.

"She's in a dream," he said with a twinkling eye; "thinks she's in her own kerridge. Lucky for her I happened to know the bonny club or she might have had to wake up!"

"Bonny" is, by the way, the latest feminine of Old Bill's immortal adjective "blinkin."

But there are splashes of light in this shaded atmosphere of feverish hurrying about when some nice woman resigns her place in the rush, or gives up her seat to another who is in charge of a little child, or to an infirm old man, or to a suffering defender home from sea or land service, or a tired-looking nurse or work-girl.

It gives one a glow of pleasure, because no matter how strenuous women's lives and ways have become, one likes, and always will like, to associate gentleness with them.

There are suggestions of scooters on a large scale, with "nurseries" for practising on them at skating rinks.

It is time for the better-off class to consider how they can avoid impeding the necessary passage of workers, civilian or otherwise.

One creed we might well discard—that the shop where we can get what we want is invariably a long distance off.

Why not shop locally, since our room is so infinitely more valuable than our company in a conveyance of any sort in present circumstances?

It would be easier, too, to carry our packages home from neighbouring shops to which we could walk.

LE DERNIER CRI DE PARIS

A dinner-gown in black satin, under black tulle, the latter embroidered with shining silver thread. The corsage is of black tulle superimposed on very pale rose tulle, with large black satin cuffs. Silver roses at the shoulder and a Nattier blue and silver ceinture complete a very charming creation

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

WHILE the shopping surface is ruffled by sale clearances of fashion systems that have had their day, behind closed doors secret conclaves are being held over the modes to be. Many there are already assured: on the other hand, many novelties may not pass the censor of good taste, and will die quickly.

Bigarra Galons

FROM an exclusive Parisian source, where the utmost secrecy and strictness is observed, there have emanated some very remarkable galons. These have all the appearance of hand-knitting, the two most prominent expressions being known respectively as Bigarra Galon and Djersella Galon. The first is just like silk hand-knitted braid attached to a width of tapestry ribbon, in beautiful blurred colourings, while Djersella is of wool and silk in stripes.

As time and space are alike short this week a detailed list and description of the new dress stuffs must be left for another article. But it may be briefly said that the majority are of soft, velvety texture, and Duvetins have never been rendered more attractive either in quality or colouring. I have had sketched two absolutely original designs, these showing the correct silhouette for early spring.

The Coat Tunic

THE model, to be easily distinguished by the above description, is built of Navy Matelotine, a sort of thin velour that is found, in addition to sombre tones, in such delicate pastel *nuances* as cream, mushroom, cinder, beige, etc. A glance at the picture will at once show the lines of the coat tunic, which in front forms a long bodice movement caught across with bands of cinder beige, with coloured Bigarra galon. Picking up this contrast is a Duvetin collar, cuffs, loops and buttons, the two first trimmed with the galon. Then completing the very *chic* affair, is a Chinese toque of brocade.

A COAT TUNIC

Of Navy Matelotine, fully described on this page

A heavy wool coating of exquisitely soft quality velour finished with "Diavella" is the fabric selected for the second scheme. The simplicity of construction speaks for itself, the *cachet*, of course, being given by the long lines on either side of Djersella, in stripes of navy wool and honey coloured silk. At the back the lines of galon are united by cross lines of the same to form a deep square-shaped collar.

The Last of Long Boots

FOOTGEAR is giving us all to think. We have grown so fastidious of late years that it is hard having to conform to Government regulations, although I am glad the veto has necessarily been put upon the absurdly short skirts.

However, there is a last chance at the London Shoe Company's, where some wonderful cloth top patent golosh button boots are being sold off at 42*s*. the pair. There are all sizes, and the cloth is either nigger or champagne, and the value, of course, is beyond all question. Another line of mole-grey suède with the same patent golosh, either button or lace, is 63*s*. To be equally quickly picked up is a splendid brown calf country shoe, only 45*s*. or brogued at 48*s*.

At the same time the London Shoe Company have marked down a lot of particularly lovely brocade shoes to 45*s*. The London addresses of the London Shoe Company are 116, New Bond Street and 21, Sloane Street.

A Very Notable Clearance of Surplus Stock

THE first week of Marshall and Snelgrove's sale is over, and many clients are already

(Continued on page 166)